A Favourite Song
in the New COMEDY of the HEIRESS,
as performed with universal Applause at Drury Lane Theatre.
Adapted to an AIR of SIG.r PAESIELLO by M.r LINLEY.
SUNG BY M.rs CROUCH.

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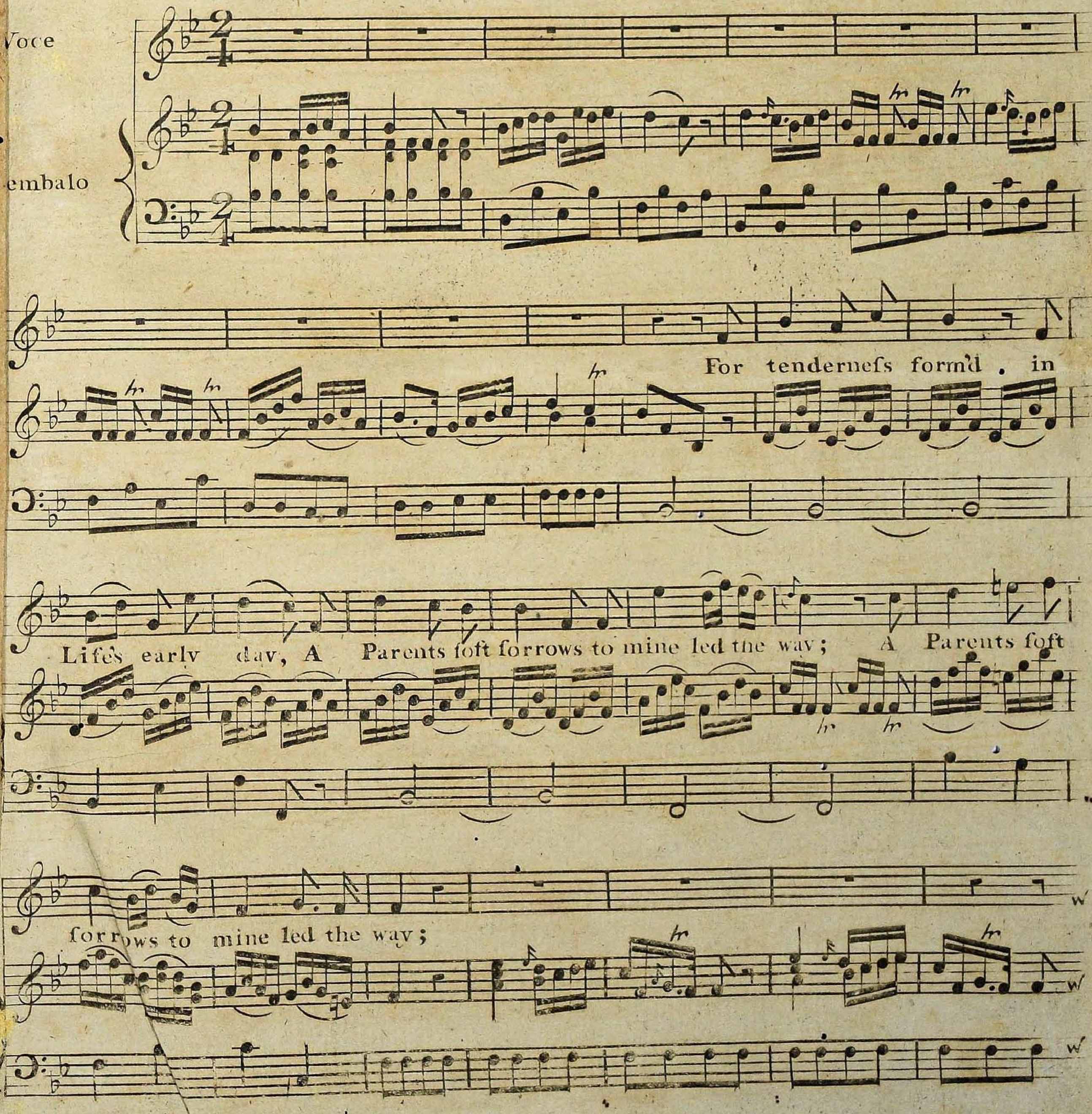
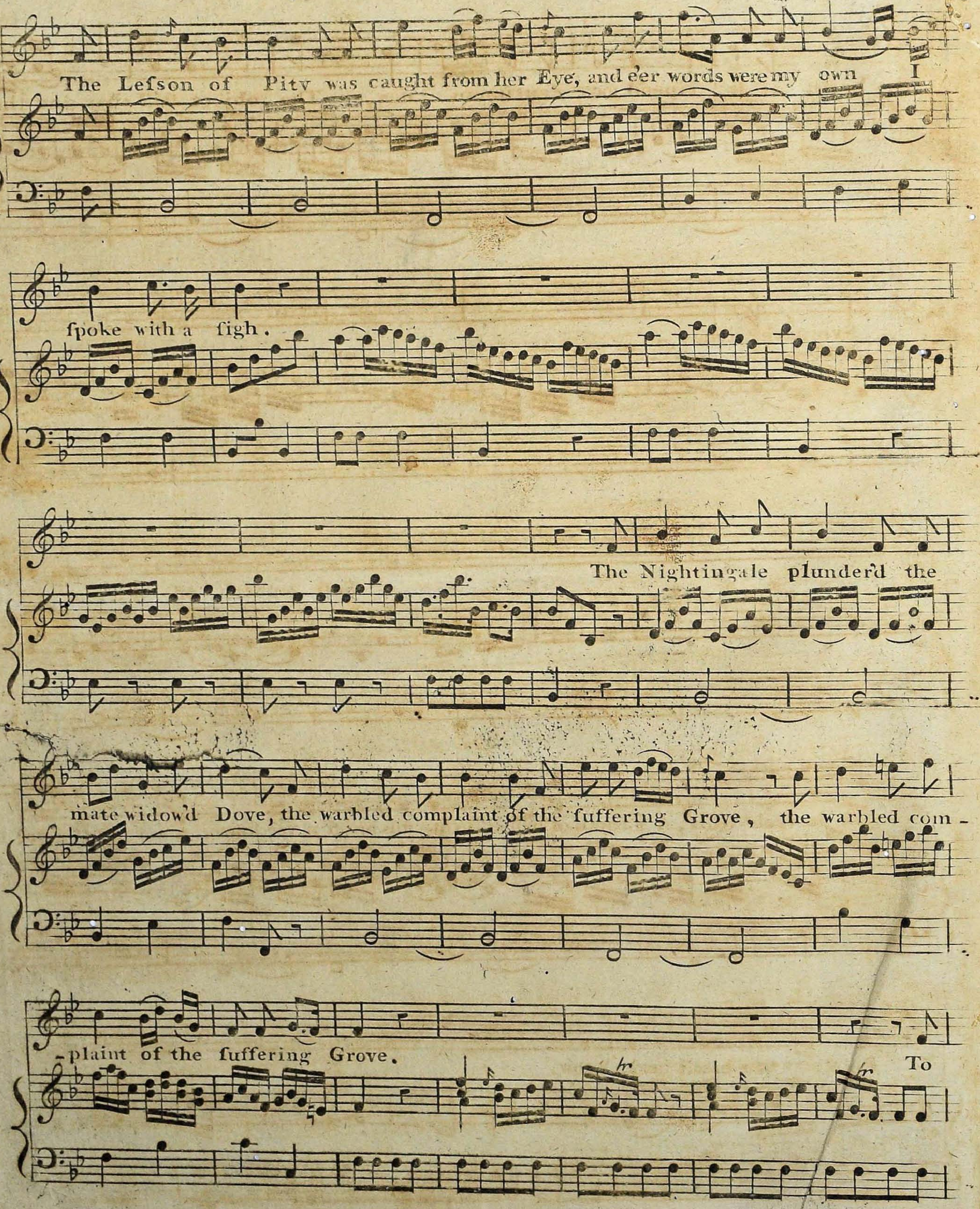
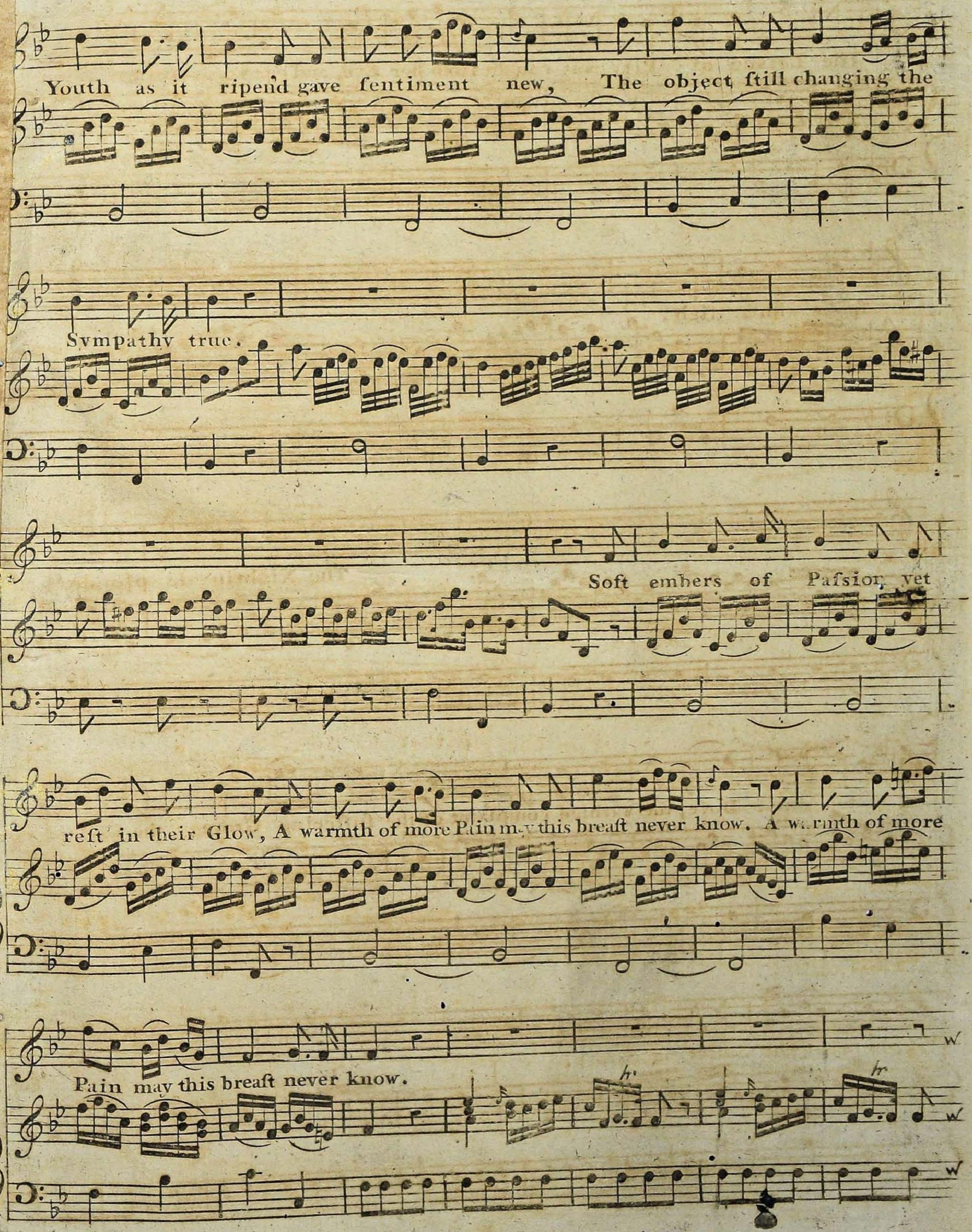
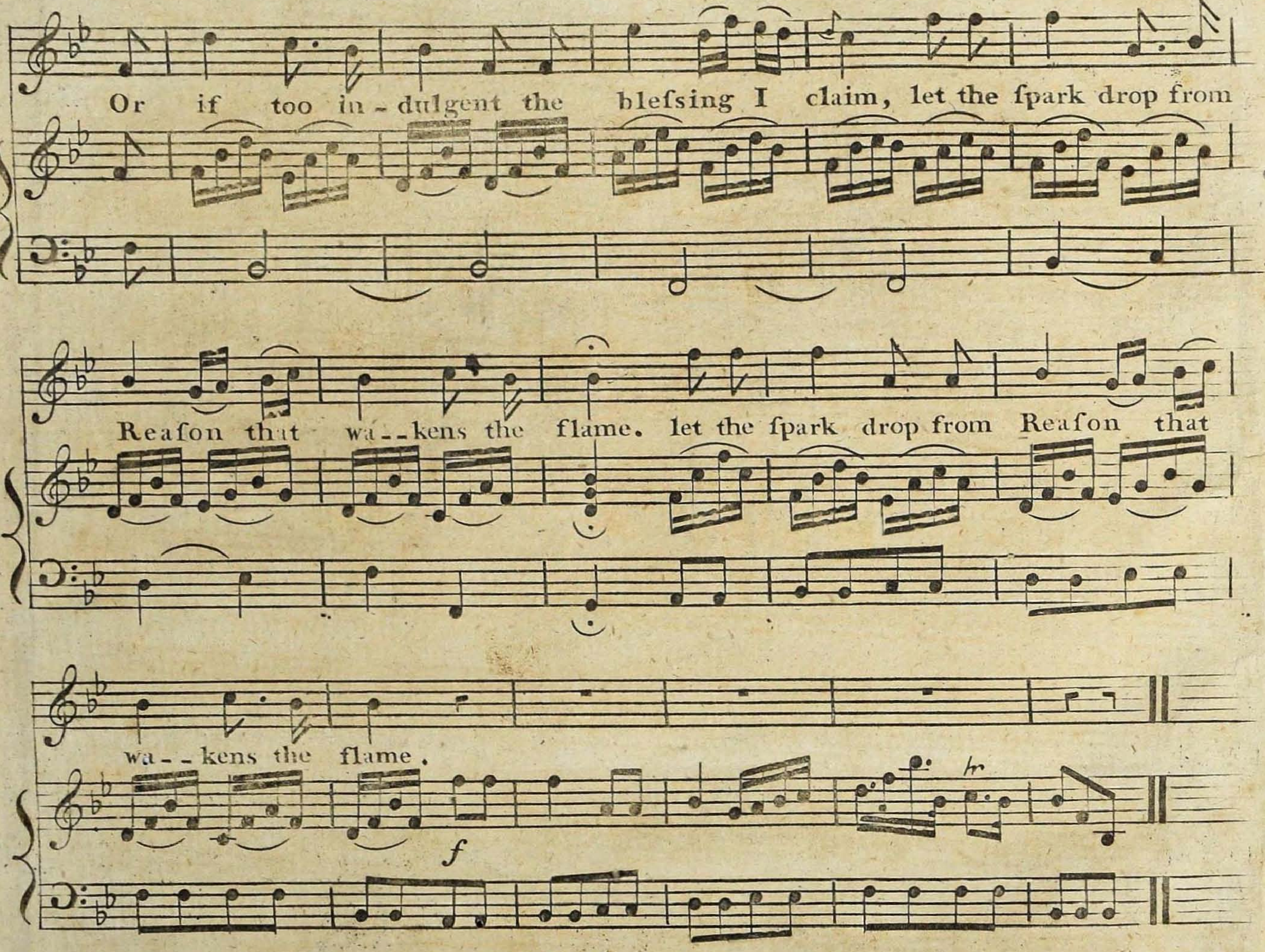
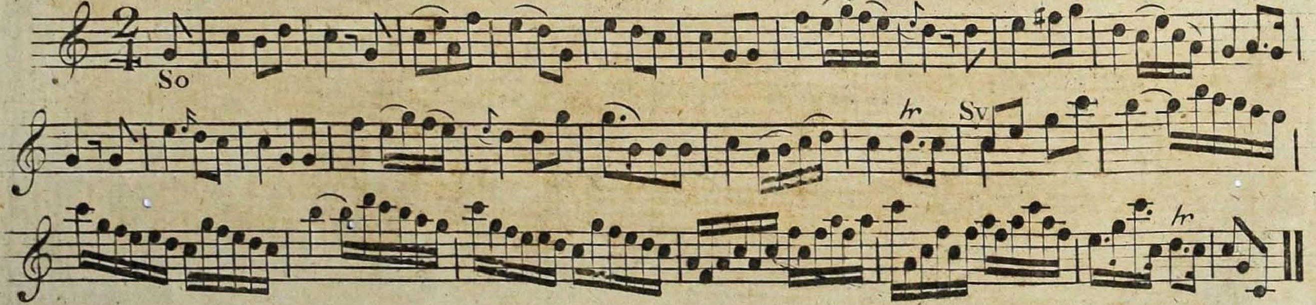
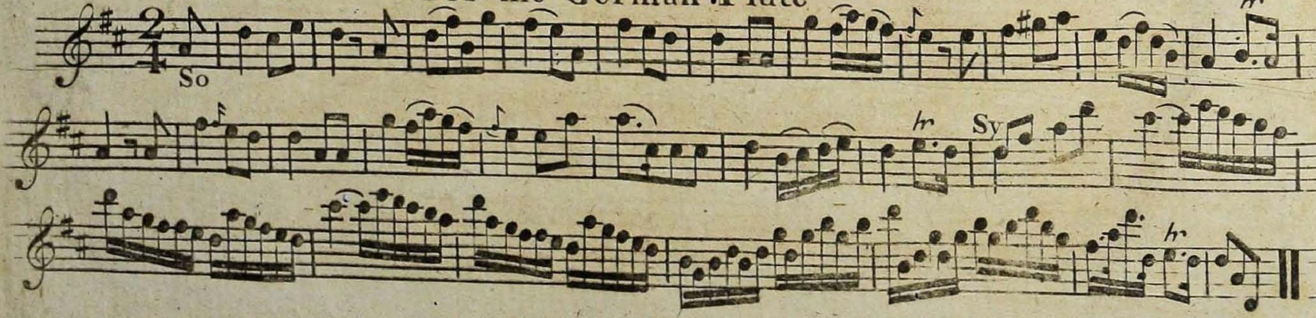



The Lefson of Pity was caught from her Eye, and e'er words were my own I
spoke with a figh.
The Nightingale plunder'd the
mate widow'd Dove, the warbled complaint of the fuffering Grove, the warbled com-
-plaint of the fuffering Grove.
To


Youth as it ripen'd gave fentiment new, The object ftill changing the
Sympathy true.
Soft embers of Pafsion yet
reft in their Glow, A warmth of more Pain may this breaft never know. A warmth of more
Pain may this breaft never know.



For the Guittar



For the German Flute